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More than a year ago one of the nurses

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POULTRY AND PIGEONS.
WANTED—Any number of breeding and draught pigeons, white and red, of those which you are raising, we buy and sell for cash.
J. M. CARROLL, 772 1/2 Hope st., Providence, R. I.

HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

50 AND 52 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, MAY 17, 1905.

The Supreme Court
Versus the Dice Box

A Foolish Suggestion, Not Entirely
Incomprehensible

This newspaper is shocked at the suggestions of some editor—who cannot at the moment identify him—who demands that one-half of the United States Supreme Court decisions be left to the decision of a cast of the dice, and one-half to the decision of the judges.

This is a foolish idea.

The people must find SOME way of getting laws that they want, even though the men temporarily on the supreme bench should disagree with them.

It should not be necessary to talk of shaking dice. The very truthful assertion that the substitution of the dice for the Supreme Court would give the people an even chance one-half the time on an average, does not justify the suggestion.

The bitter and foolish idea which we condemn is based on the Supreme Court's decision in regard to the New York State ten-hour law for bakers.

The people passed a law saying that men employed in bakeries must not work more than ten hours a day.

The law was passed upon the advice of physicians and based on the demands of public health where the air is bad.

Of course they ought not to be allowed to work even TEN hours—EIGHT hours should be the limit.

But the makers of the law, anxious to placate capital as represented by the boss bakers, declared that the breadmaker should work TEN hours, and no more.

Doctors have expressed the opinion that a longer day than ten hours at the hard labor of kneading dough, performed in badly ventilated cellars, is apt to bring on tuberculosis.

The ordinary citizen would say that a law to prevent tubercular bakers from giving tuberculosis to the public would be a pretty good law.

But the Supreme Court said NO!

The Supreme Court declares officially that the law which forbids a man to keep a baker working more than ten hours a day is AN OFFENSE TO THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION.

The Constitution, you know, forbids the interference by law with "freedom of contract."

That is to say that THEORETICALLY you can't prevent a man from making any contract that he pleases.

The theory is nonsense usually. It is only strictly adhered to when the interests of capital and the Supreme Court get together—as they sometimes do.

You must remember that we are not engaged in any reckless criticism of the Supreme Court decision. We have excellent backing, in view of the fact that four of the Supreme Court justices took in their decision the ground that we take. The ten-hour day for bakers was declared unconstitutional by a vote of five to four—the usual Supreme Court split when voting in this fashion. Four judges said it was constitutional.

The same kind of a vote declared that the United States has not the right to levy an income tax—and that decision was handed down only after one Supreme Court justice—for reasons best known to himself—had reversed his vote.

Of course the people of the State of New York HAVE a perfect RIGHT to make such laws as they please governing the hours of work in bakeries. And of course the Supreme Court decision which denies the people that right is mistaken—"justice."

The decision was based on fear that the law which limited the hours of bakers might eventually limit OTHER hours, and interfere with interests dearer to the heart of the Supreme Court than those of any little bakeries owner.

The preposterous notion that the constitutional rights of contract are interfered with when the State forbids men to work more than ten hours in the manufacture of bread is idiotic and opposed to facts.

When a bicycle rider enters a six-day race he contracts to ride his bicycle for six days.

The State passes a law forbidding him to ride more than twelve hours in any one day, and the six-day bicycle race is ended.

Does the Supreme Court step in and say that you CAN'T forbid a man to contract to ride a bicycle more than twelve hours a day? Certainly not.

If the State can make a law forbidding a man to ride a bicycle more than twelve hours a day, why can't it forbid a baker to knead dough more than ten hours a day?

That law about the bakeries was a law for the preservation of the public health.

The Supreme Court, in a decision which causes wonder, declares that the people have not a RIGHT to make a simple law to protect the public health. It declares that the right of some little employer to squeeze an extra hour's labor out of his workmen is sacred above the health and rights of the people.

Such a decision unquestionably justifies the fear of Thomas Jefferson, writer of the Declaration of Independence, and a man not afraid to tell the truth, even about judges, when he said that, in his opinion, the gravest danger to the nation would be found in constant encroachment by the Federal judiciary upon the rights of the people.

The dice box might give us good decisions one-half the time, and there is not the slightest question that where the interests of rich men are opposed to the interests of the poor men, the dice box would be a great improvement in many instances over the present judicial system.

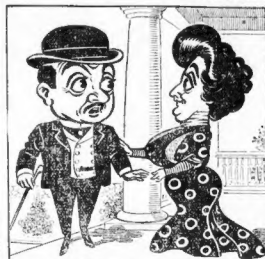
But the people ought to have brains enough to do better than resort to the dice box. They ought to study the character of judges and insist upon the election by the people of the Senators who confirm the appointment of Supreme Court justices.

The people must manage to make ALL of their servants FEEL THE POWER OF THEIR WILL—not excepting the Supreme Court judges, who now tell the people what they can and what they cannot do.

Real justice, real government by the people every time, is what the people want and should have—not justice every other time from a dice box.

AREN'T MEN THE WRETCHES?

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1. MRS. SNOOKS—John, I want you to be sure to be home early tonight. Sister Maud and her five children will be here to take dinner with us.
MR. SNOOKS (aside)—Heaven!



2. MR. SNOOKS—Great Scott! I can't eat a meal with those five howling infantile hyenas—I'd go crazy. But how to get out of it, that's the question.



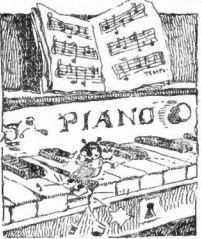
3. MR. CINCHON—Hello, Snooks! I just stopped in to give you those two railroad passes for yourself and wife. Here they are.
MR. SNOOKS—Thanks, old man. (Aside). By jove! An idea how to get out of eating with that bunch of kids tonight!



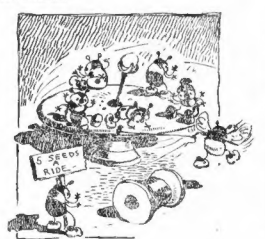
4. MR. SNOOKS—Is that you, Clara? If I meet that Mr. Cinchon tonight at seven o'clock I can get those railroad passes he promised me. Shall I do it? Yes! All right, dear. Then I will not be home to dinner. Sorry to miss your sister's dear little tots, Good-bye.

IN BUGVILLE

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MUSICAL BUG—Gee! I wish this exercise didn't have so many octaves. I'm tired of jumping!



Willy Fly found a bit of bait and an empty spot. Now they have a merry go-round in Bugville.



FOOLISH BUG—Oh, ain't nature just grand to furnish stress for us to get the juice out of these horrors!



MRS. NEWLYWED BUG—Oh, Henry, it's so undignified to cook. You can afford to hire one, can't you?

NOW WHAT D'YE THINK OF THAT?

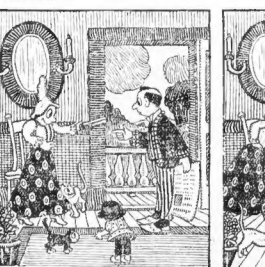
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A bill board is a funny thing—At least I find it so.



In facing types it tells you things You do not wish to know.



A board bill is quite different—Not humorous at all.

Are People Dying
Too Extravagantly

By Rev. Albert E. George

A MAN who died recently in a neighborhood city left the provision that his remains should be cremated, and then scattered in the sea. He also asked that the arrangements be made in the simplest, quietest manner possible.

The latter request is significant. The simple life should be followed by the simple burial. Extravagance is apt to show itself at funerals. We are all made conscious of this. No one desires to take away from the last hours, yet more simplicity. Our feelings easily run over with us, and we are dying too extravagantly.

More flowers given in life and less at funerals would not be an unreasonable exchange. A Roman Catholic priest of this State recently, with excellent judgment and tact, has placed a limit on floral offerings at funerals, the number of hours to be used, etc. He does this that the poor man, he says, can actually afford to be buried in his community without consulting his friends and relatives to a bankruptcy court.

We all feel that this is a delicate subject to touch upon. It is merely a question how to honor the dead without impoverishing the living. What

Grover Cleveland and
the Women's Clubs

By Caroline

"THERE is no accounting for tastes," as the old woman said when she kissed the cow.

But it seems strange that such a lover of peace as our old friend Grover should create such a storm of his own free will and fancy.

That a man who stood through two years of the White House should bring down upon himself such a torrent of criticism from the women seems very strange.

Life in Princeton must have been dull. And death shooting not as diverting as men's.

All former announcements must have failed, or why should Grover plunge into the subject of women's clubs so vigorously?

We have all become accustomed to hearing Mr. Roosevelt on these material questions. For he, even he, has confined himself to giving advice as to "the proper" family, and wife and means of bringing them up.

I know some who are objecting to the members of the family being any number of clubs, if their father finds that way.

But poor Grover certainly created a twinge in a faint.

And the women will go on having their clubs, and doubtless pass resolutions condemning the views of our one living ex-President.

But how's that a great deal, for he seems to have no idea of running such a Presidency.

As to the women's clubs—are they really such dreadful things?

They would seem to themselves to be a much less harmful amusement than the men's club, for the women's club is a political or literary object.

A better knowledge of politics would seem to be a good thing for both men and women in this great country of ours. Grover, perhaps, Grover doesn't agree with it.

There may be women who desert husbands and children in their ardent desire to be in the club.

There is something wrong with the club, though I can't quite agree with Mrs. Cleveland. Grover doesn't agree with it.

"The women's club is the greatest educational institution in the world."

If that is a woman's club amusement, diversion or amusement of any kind in a club do let's have the club.

For every one knows that a woman's horizon is all too narrow. If the club will help to widen it so much the better.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

Dinkelspiel's Eppy Grams

By George V. Hobart

SOME men was born late and on him is der van dot beliefs der most in luck.

Vol a square of honesty eppes offer to pick up a fat pocketbook on der street.

A poet is a cheat dot can use clever words mit such a cleverness dot it results in a book eppes.

Von a man succeeds der world takes off its hat; von he fails der world takes notice he make his suit out and shows none.

Von nature gifts a man a big heart and think it is der duty to use enough money to keep it eppes.

Isaac Pickelbauer was so dense mit a barber shop.

D. DINKELSPIEL, For George V. Hobart.

Little Editorials from the People

ter's book, "Poetry," was admirable. I think it is the duty of the poet to call attention to facts unpleasant or otherwise, especially when they are brought with such vital interest to our contemporary civilization.

That such things as Mr. Bunney writes about can be true in a country which holds most others in many ways is not enough, but the book is a comparative study of the knowledge of such terrible conditions is with some. I think you put this book in my young paper. Keep the public informed as to the state of the world.

A. W. SHELLEY, Putney, Vt.

A TRIBUTE TO MOTHERHOOD Editor BOSTON AMERICAN: With the passing of the poor man's cottage the world's greatest sin has been where is poverty found in fragment, fat or indolence? Once it was customary for young men of humble occupation, when contemplating marriage, to save up money and build a home. Rather the bride was conducted, and installed in her tiny, snug dwelling so possibly in a room in a castle. Those wives of the olden days, our grandmothers, "doubtless" all day long; but were the houses they made of the children, they created a responsive answer. Nothing that be worth while is ever gained from the workshop by day and a fading room at night, it is the glow of a mother's love that the true woman "gives birth" to it. It is the glow of a mother's love that the true woman "gives birth" to it. It is the glow of a mother's love that the true woman "gives birth" to it.

Edna, A. ESTELLE STORY.